

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

When the shades of night are fall-

in,
An' I'm here all by myself,
I look on a faded picture,
One that's standin' on the shelf,
Good old memories it brings me,
Each one with its tender thrill,
It's a picture of a mother
Sleepin' out there on the hill.

First, I feel once more the spunk-

in,
That I got across her knee,
In my mind again I'm squirmin'
In my efforts to get free,
Then I feel her gentle kisses,
Good night kisses on my brow,
And my eyes are blurred with moisture,
But I love it, anyhow.

Times will come when I am yearn-

in,
For those days now long gone
by,

For a lick from mother's slipper,
For a piece of mother's pie,
Then it is, when twilight's fallin',
An' I'm here all by myself,
That I go an' get a picture,
One that's standin' on the shelf.

OBSERVATIONS.

By the way, what has become of

the Ward shooting case?
You may have your disappoint-

ments, but just think of those rob-

bers who held up that empty mail
truck!

The Evening Telegram calls George
Arlias "The Noted English Movie
Actor." Well, it's his own fault.

The Poulin-Tierney controversy is
attracting a lot of attention, but
what of the innocent little boy who
figures in the fight?

Since the Turks have refused the
peace terms proposed by the Allies,
Wellsville has put in its bid for a
Turk cannon for City Park.

Dr. Coppeland says he will accept
the Democratic nomination for Gov-
ernor if it is tendered him. All
we've got to say is that the Doc is a
regular fellow.

THE ROYAL BOOT-
LEGGER.

A request to "Have-Another-Pete," the

greatest story of New York society ever
written.
King John decided he would
explain his aversion to the rag-

man with whom he fought almost
daily. He called the privy coun-
cil together and asked them to
be seated.

Princess Fanny of Peppermint
suspected her father was to do a
lot of talking and she hid behind
the curtain holding in her hand
a dish of raw oysters.

"Gentlemen," began King John,
"I must fight when I am drink-
ing. I know it is wrong, but
what are ragmen for anyway?"
None could answer. At that
point Floosh, the Royal bootleg-
ger, appeared in the council
chamber and began to pester the
King with questions about the
income tax.

"Keep quiet," commanded his
royal majesty.

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

Miss C. Satz, a very nice girl, has
decided to try to win the silver-
plated banana, the prize in this con-
test. At the same time she has a
hope that she will annex a husband.
Her verse follows:

I want a handsome Dave,
Who's full of infatuation;
One of whom girls will rave,
He must be a sensation.

He must never feel blue,
He must be a jolly skate,
And immediately start to woo,
To win me as his mate.

He must be a sportsman,
Who does things very cool,
And if I get this man,
I'll thank sincerely you.

So Floosh did.

At that juncture the ragman
was seen passing the castle. Old
King John was infuriated.

Floosh thought the time
propitious to propose marriage to
the Peppermint Princess.

"My dear sweet girl," he said,
"the fellow who writes this col-
umn is but a handsome child.
But ah, they say he frequents
drug stores."

Princess Fanny was astounded.
Just then a camel went by the
castle. Floosh looked out.

"A relic of the desert," he said.
"Aw, shut up!" said King
John.

The Princess felt her hold on
the Kingdom slipping.
(to be Continued).

A WORD FROM DOOLITTLE

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the noted
poetess of Delhi, offers girls some
good advice to-day regarding flip
young men. "Boot them out," says
she. Her poem on the subject fol-
lows:

I do not like flip young men,
To me they are a bore,
Their loud ways are very foolish,
To me they are a bore.

One day one said to me:
"You may put your shots in my
trunk."

"Why so fresh, young man?" I asked,
"Have you been on a drunk?"

My sister's child, Teeney Ricketts,
Slapped a fly on Grandpa's head.

He became very angry, indeed,
But "Look out there!" was what he
said.

But, speaking of flip young men,
They talk too much through their
hat.

Reverend Jones was bleary-eyed to-
day,
Methinks he must of been on a bot.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Mother—Johnnie, what are you do-

ing?
Johnnie—Washing me cars.

Mother—What's her name, son?

AND NOW PERMIT US

To call your attention to the
fact that a Chicago girl named
Hooker has just married a man
named Fish, and to ask who, in
your opinion, did the courting.

About Plays and Players

MARY KATHERINE CAMP-
BELL, the Columbus, O., girl
who won the beauty contest
in Atlantic City recently, has gone
into vaudeville. She made her debut
at Keith's Theatre, Cleveland, in a
phonograph. She was a bit nervous
but she had the looks and the audi-
ence gave her an ovation. Miss Camp-
bell, according to Walter Kingsley,
displayed a roguish smile and ex-
hibited a mean voice. She also put
over some humorous lines and the
audience simply ate them up. New
York is to have a chance to see this
beauty on the vaudeville stage soon.
We met her one day. Gosh, we hope
she doesn't forget us entirely when
she gets famous.

MELLISH LIKES STOPPERS.

This is a story of an actor who
found a rubber stopper in a wash
basin he used in a theatre. Fuller
Mellish is the actor and the stopper
was in the Nixon Theatre, Pitts-
burgh. Mellish was acting in "On
the Stairs" when he found the
stopper. Summoning Harry Brown,
the Manager of the theatre, he said:

"Well, Brown, I congratulate you.
The wash basin in my dressingroom
really has a stopper."

"I wondered if you'd notice it," re-
sponded Brown. "May we expect to
see you looking clean in the near
future?"

Mellish promised and Brown went
away overjoyed. This story comes

from Press Agent Vance, who has
marked it "No dupe."

Our advice to actors who want to
look clean is to go to Pittsburgh and
use the stoppers in the wash basins.

"THAT DAY" FOLLOWS "SUE."
After nearly four months on Broad-
way "Sue, Dean," the musical com-
edy now at the Bijou, will leave Sun-
day morning for Cleveland, where it
will play a week at the new Ohio
Theatre, one of the most beautiful
houses in the Buckeye State. Detroit
will follow. "That Day," an Ameri-
can play by Louis K. Anspacher, will
open at the Bijou Monday. Richard
G. Herndon is the producer.

TO MOVE "BLOSSOM TIME."

The Messrs. Schubert, producers of
"Blossom Time," have decided to
move it to the Jolson Theatre next
Monday. At the same time the first
birthday of the operetta will be cele-
brated.

GOSSIP.

Edith Day went over to the Hippo-
drome yesterday and gave an elephant
an apple.

At exactly 3 P. M. yesterday Mrs.
Marie Kousenoff, the Russian artist,
discharged her hair-dresser.

William Roselle, the unfortunate
drunk in the drama, is now acting in
"Foolishment."

Herman Timberg says he has com-
pleted the score of a musical comedy.
Well, maybe!

The ticket brokers have a lot of

JOE'S CAR

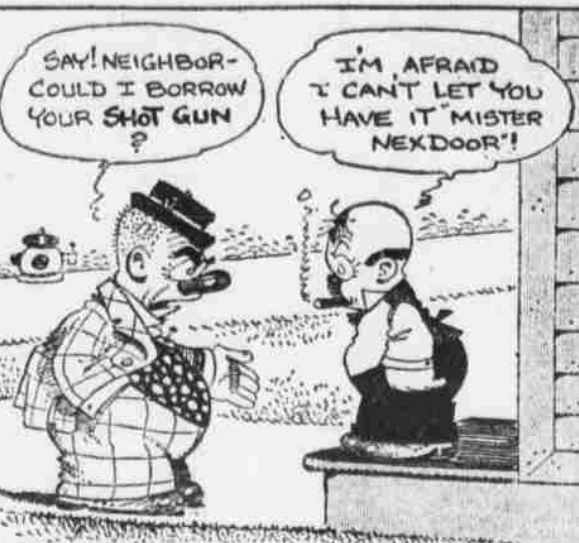
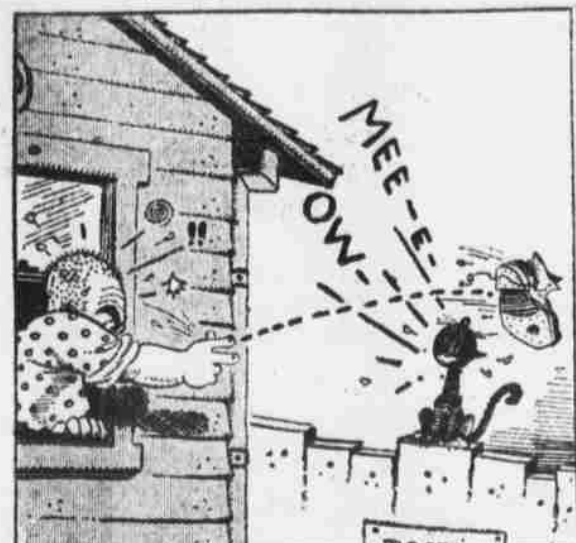
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THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

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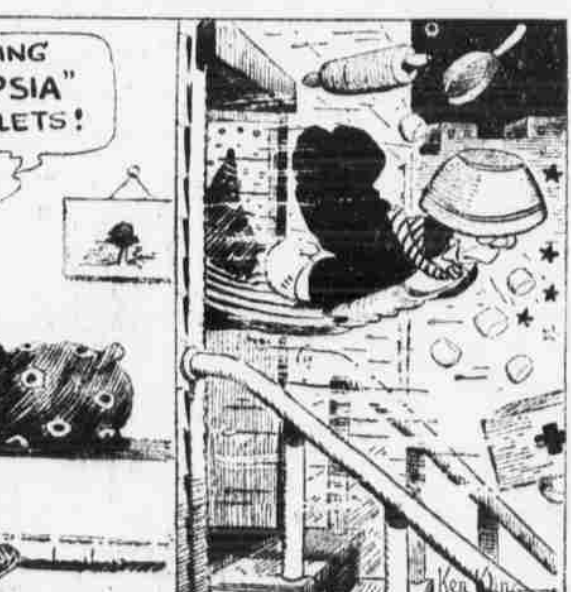
LITTLE MARY MIXUP

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KATINKA

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BEAUTIFUL BAB

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deadwood they have been forced to
buy. Tough luck, eh, boys?

Alex Rea of the Reardon Company
of London will arrive in New York to-
day to see "Loyalties."

Arthur Rosenfeld, the picture frame
poet, invested in a Negro show last

summer, but he never knew what be-
came of it.

Don Allen, the picture wag, has
written us to express the opinion that
Battling Eld looks like Frank Tinney
in the cork.

Stewart & French have arranged to

present "The Torch-Bearers" in Sing-
Sing in the near future.

"He Who Gets Slapped" will close
at the Garrick Saturday night. "It
U. R." will open there Oct. 9.

Several East Indians will be in the
cast of "The Wheel of Life," in which

Maro Klaw, Inc., will star Elsie Fer-
guson.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

All houses are not papered by pa-
per-hangers. Ask the theatre treas-
urers.

FOOLISHMENT.

A little girl named Mary Bone,
Once practiced on the saxophone.
She learned to play "The Blooze"
Blues,
But her career was killed by boogs.
Eureka!

PUT IT IN THE ACT.

"The people of the United States
should be very jolly."
"Why?"
"Because their country was name-
after a merry cuss."

Worked Like Magic!

Cats, Do Your Worst!

A Bob for Bobbie!

He Should Have Stocked Up With Arnica!

Can She Resist Him?